

10 'til 2

The White Buffalo

Well I'm hopin' its true, that we will screw in the mornin'
Well I'm tellin you, I think I'm in love, that's a warnin'
Lay fifty down, for one more round's all I'm holdin
Well its not enough, night time is up, I must be goin'

Well I'm lonely now
But I know somehow
I'll walk your streets again
And I want you now
But I know anyhow
I'll lose ya to your streets again

Well its 10 'til 2, I'm searchin for you, that's the story
Lurkin about, street lamps are out, makes me worry

Your a tongue tied whore
With my pants on the floor
She walks a heavy out
Well I'm lonely now
But I know anyhow
Cruise your streets again

Well I'm hopin' its true, that we will screw in the mornin'